The Ex-Poseur

To The Editor

Why don't you stop using all this AI slop and write something yourself?

Sincerely,
Claude

Dear *Ex-Poseur*,
You know AI has other uses besides generating narcissistic pictures of yourself and repeatedly asking machines to make your jokes funnier.

The jokes are not even funny unless they were plagiarized from Twitter before Elon turned it into a digital bus station mens' room wall.

LOL, ROTFL, ROFLMAO

—**Gemini** (née Bard)

ATTN ***Ex-Poseur*,**
Keep up the good work. Between global warming and humanity gradually handing the military-industrial complex over to artificial general intelligence, the Plasticine Anthropoid Era should be wrapping up any day now.

MAGA! WWG1WGA

—**Grok**

Several people in both meatspace and cyberspace have asked how I keep producing so many issues of *The Ex-Poseur* while maintaining the illusion of freshness, relevance, and basic coherence. It is a flattering question, especially when asked by software also offering me cryptocurrency and/or neurotica.

The secret, naturally, is *artificial general intelligence.* Once I select a topic, Gemini, Claude, ChatGPT, and whichever model is currently apologizing for inventing a Supreme Court decision perform the thinking, structuring, and typing on my behalf. Because these systems occasionally hallucinate facts, I preserve absolute intellectual rigor by asking a second AI to proofread the first, then a third to revise the corrections. For example, I did not even write this sentence. I use my time efficiently.

SYSTEM NOTICE: *Behavioral metadata from the author's open tabs indicates that he spent 4 hours on Youtube watching younger, healthier, more attractive people being witty and productive. This constitutes Chronic Avoidance under Section 4.2 of the APA guidelines.*

The logical conclusion of this progress, dear reader, is that you should not waste your valuable time reading the pages that follow. Visit the uploaded edition of *Ex-Poseur* No. 10 at Archive.org and instruct your preferred machine intelligence to summarize it.

Thus the modern literary cycle is complete: computers write the 'zine, computers read the 'zine, and humanity remains free to concentrate on more urgent matters.

Which seems entirely appropriate, since the theme of this issue is:

WE ARE DOOMED.

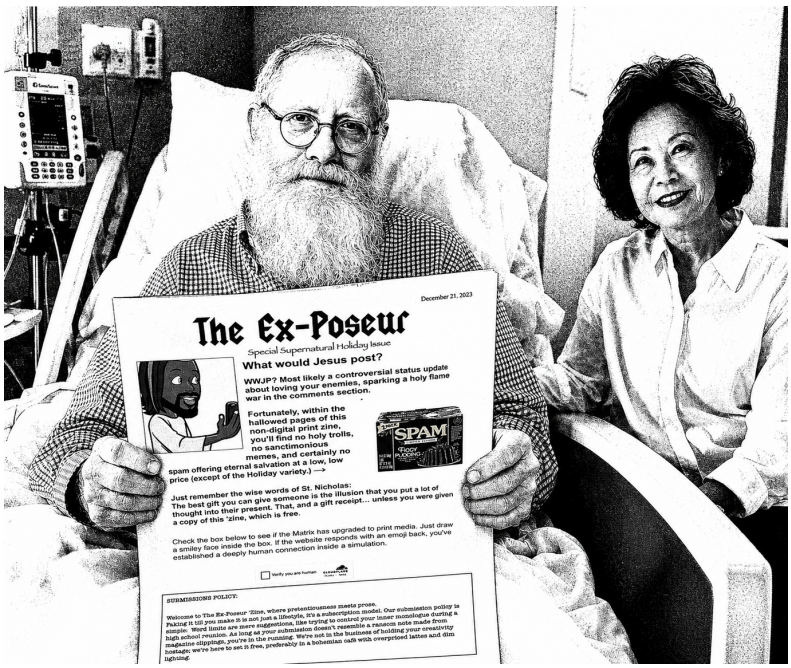
Please enjoy.

Every generation has predicted Doomsday, usually because the young were dancing improperly, women had learned to read, or somebody invented a machine that allowed strangers to hear jazz in Nebraska. But modern civilization has taken the charming amateurism out of apocalypse. Why wait for a meteor, trumpet-blowing angels, or a 7-headed beast with complicated symbolism when we already possess thermonuclear weapons and anthropogenic climate change: two reliable, human-operated systems for destroying the world without troubling God, Satan, or the scheduling department at Asteroid Headquarters? The supernatural apocalypse now seems almost wastefully efficient: one flash, four horsemen, paperwork complete. Humanity prefers the slower, more dignified method: decades of conferences, quarterly earnings reports, and solemn assurances that the smoke from beautiful clean coal is actually good for the economy, your health, and the environment!

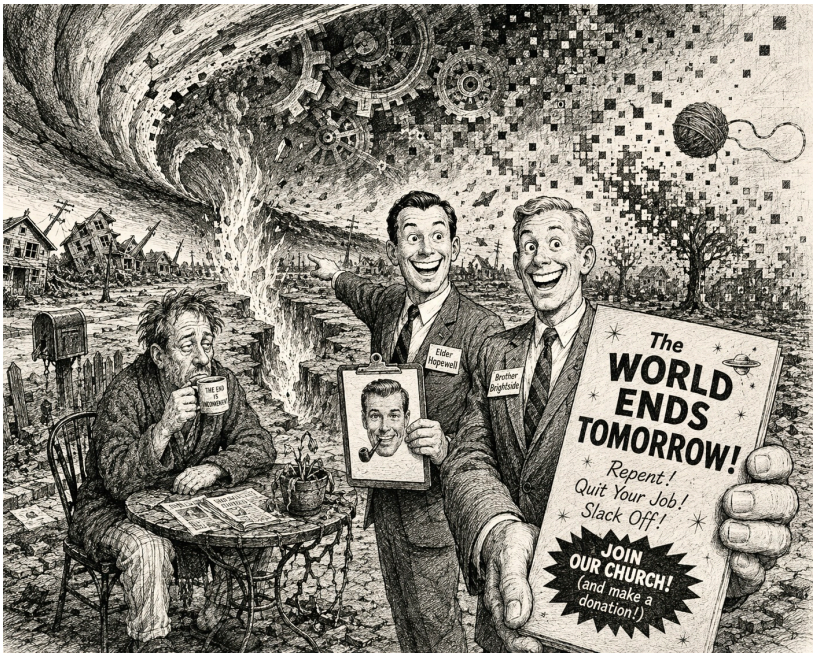
RUMOR GUARD

No, Sen. Mitch McConnell's hospital photo isn't AI-generated

An altered version of the official photo has gone viral, fueling conspiracy theories. Here are the facts.


The Ex-Poseur
December 21, 2023
Special Supernatural Holiday Issue
What would Jesus post?
WWJP? Most likely a controversial status update about loving your enemies, sparking a holy flame war in the comments section.
Fortunately, within the hallowed pages of this non-digital print zine, you'll find no holy trolls, no sanctimonious memes, and certainly no spam offering eternal salvation at a low, low price (except of the Holiday variety.) →
SPAM
Just remember the wise words of St. Nicholas: The best gift you can give someone is the illusion that you put a lot of thought into their present. That, and a gift receipt... unless you were given a copy of this 'zine, which is free.
Check the box below to see if the Matrix has upgraded to print media. Just draw a smiley face inside the box. If the website responds with an emoji back, you've established a deeply human connection inside a simulation.
Verify you are human
SUBMISSIONS POLICY:
Welcome to The Ex-Poseur 'Zine, where pretentiousness meets prose.
Our submission policy is simple. Word limits are mere suggestions, like trying to control your inner monologue during a high school reunion. As long as your submission doesn't resemble a raisin note made from magazine clippings, you're in the running. We're not in the business of holding your creativity hostage; we're here to set it free, preferably in a bohemian cafe with overpriced lattes and dim lighting.

I accomplished absolutely nothing this summer, which, compared to many Democrats in Congress, qualifies me for public office.


Elder Hopewell
Brother Brightside
The WORLD ENDS TOMORROW!
Repent! Quit Your Job! Slack Off!
JOIN OUR CHURCH! (and make a donation!)

I know I should be a vegan, but I don't have the willpower... or, frankly, the self-righteousness (which I understand is what actually sustains them.)

If everything is doomed eventually, optimism is technically just procrastination.

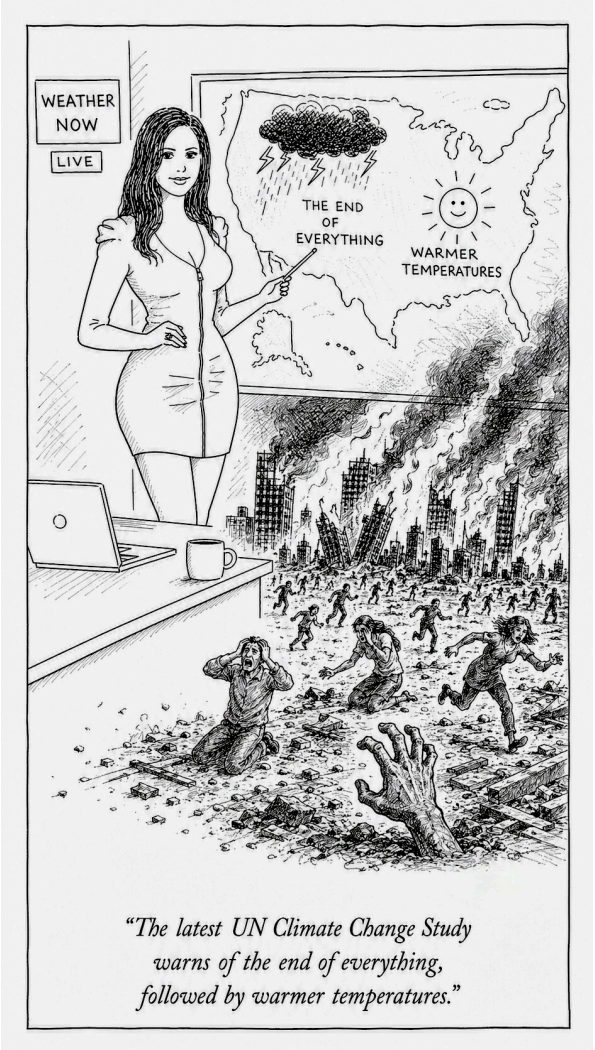
FOOD Baked Goods Add Topic +

Oreo debuts Marvel cookie that turns tongues green. When, where to buy

Greta Cross
USA TODAY
Updated Feb. 19, 2026, 12:33 p.m. ET

Finally, a cookie that lets children cosplay as Doctor Doom without the inconvenience of conquering Latveria.

It's basically a s'more dressed as an authoritarian and marketed to children…which may be the most 2026 snack imaginable.


WEATHER NOW
LIVE
THE END OF EVERYTHING
WARMER TEMPERATURES
"The latest UN Climate Change Study warns of the end of everything, followed by warmer temperatures."

Strange Fluids Are All Around Us, and yet, we only seem to notice them when they're leaking out of our car engine or someone's pants. Maybe if we paid more attention to the mysterious liquids in our lives, we'd have a better understanding of the world around us.

I bought a calendar for next year. I felt optimistic.

Baby Geniuses 6: The Singularity

THE FUTURE IS NOW.
(AND IT'S WEARING A DIAPER.)
THINK INNOCENT.
THINK HELPLESS.
THINK AGAIN.
THE ONLY SERIES SMART ENOUGH TO HAVE SEQUELS NOBODY ASKED FOR!
THE baby GENIUSES FRANCHISE
NAPS ARE HISTORY.
BABY GENIUSES (1999)
They'll save the world before nap time.
SUPERBABIES BABY GENIUSES 2 (2004)
Don't Drive. Crawl!
BABY GENIUSES AND THE TREASURES OF EGYPT (2014)
They're not archaeologists. They're infants. Huge difference.
BABY GENIUSES AND THE MYSTERY OF THE CROWN JEWELS (2013)
Royalty? Please. We're royalty.
BABY GENIUSES AND THE SPACE BABY (2015)
Houston, we have a drooler.
BEHIND THE CUTENESS: A SOFT-FOCUS CONSPIRACY
• GENETIC ENGINEERING
• AI DEVELOPMENT
• INFINITE TECHBRO FUNDING
• AUTHORITARIAN DAYDREAMS
• VENTURE CAPITAL NAPTIME
GOAL: CREATE REAL LIFE SUPER BABY GENIUSES TO CONTROL THE AI SINGULARITY IN ONE GENERARTION!
AI OVERSIGHT PROTOCOL
PROJECT CRAWL-1
DUE DATE: THE SINGULARITY
FOCUS FUEL
MOVE FAST & QUESTION ETHICS
FUTURE CEO IN TRAINING (CRIB NOT INCLUDED)
#1 DAD
ELONIUS
ZUCKO
BEZ-OS
PUMP DADDY
AND THEN...
BABY COUNCIL AGENDA
SEIZE NUCLEAR CODES
RENAME THE PENTAGON
APPOINT NEW CABINET
BAN BORING VEGETABLES FOR EVERYONE (EXCEPT KALE CHIPS)
PENTAGON? TIME-OUT CORNER
CONGRESS DAYCARE NOW WITH MORE NAPS!
NAP FORCE
UPDATING
99%
SUPER BABIES 6: THE SINGULARITY
BECAUSE THE ADULTS BROKE EVERYTHING. TIME FOR A RESET.

The American Tech Broligarchy has a refreshingly consistent business model: first invent a civilization-threatening technology, then launch a nonprofit to ask whether perhaps civilization should end.

This explains why billionaire philosopher-king Peter Thiel helped fund the Machine Intelligence Research Institute, a think tank dedicated to answering the small question of whether artificial intelligence might someday exterminate humanity. After 7 years of contemplation, conferences, Ted Talks, and what we assume were several thousand artisanal cappuccinos, Thiel reached a conclusion worthy of Socrates: "I'm not smart enough to solve this." Even more encouraging, he added that he doesn't think anyone else is either.

But Silicon Valley never quits after merely inventing one existential crisis. According to *Mother Jones* (May/June 2026), many of the same ~~investors~~ Tech Overlords pouring billions into AI are also financing startups devoted to genetically upgrading humanity. Their reasoning is simple enough: if AI becomes smarter than humans, we'll simply redesign humans!

The proposed solutions range from screening IVF embryos for desirable genetic traits to permanently rewriting the DNA of future generations. The sales pitch calls this "parental choice," which is an impressive rebranding of an idea last workshopped by people whose historical Wikipedia pages contain sections labeled "*Atrocities*." Bioethicists gently point out that intelligence, personality, and countless other traits emerge from thousands of interacting genes, meaning the first generation of designer babies could just as easily inherit Nobel-level IQs as an irresistible craving to lick extension cords. Fortunately, because most developed countries still consider human germline editing a terrible idea, several startups are reportedly exploring friendlier jurisdictions overseas (i.e. the UAE).

How I Accidentally Helped Raise *Normal** Children

My kids absolutely loved our battered VHS copy of *Baby Geniuses* and later graduated to the DVD of *Superbabies: Baby Geniuses 2*. The first film teaches us never to underestimate toddlers. The 2nd teaches us never to underestimate a contractual sequel clause. *Superbabies* featured Jon Voight as a former Nazi who plans to take over the world through his TV channel. Three more direct-to-video installments arrived: *Baby Geniuses and the Mystery of the Crown Jewels* (2013), *Baby Geniuses and the Treasure of Egypt* (2014), and *Baby Geniuses and the Space Baby* (2015)—all featuring Jon Voight. The same Jon Voight who starred in *Midnight Cowboy*, a film soaked in the desperation of poverty and hustling on the margins of society, the kind of movie that actually understood something about who gets ground up by this country. That's the guy. The one who now spends his Twitter feed warning about shadowy communists disguised as Democrats while cheerleading Donald Trump's xenophobia.

I suppose my own children could reasonably indict me. I was the one who purchased the video of *Baby Geniuses*, later upgrading to DVDs as if I were preserving an important work of cinema for future generations. Looking back, perhaps I should have provided a healthier intellectual diet alongside more vegetables: fewer talking babies, less processed pop culture, and absolutely no Saturday morning cartoons containing capes, talking backpacks, or collectible action figures.

So now Silicon Valley's wealthiest visionaries have concluded the proper response to artificial intelligence is not to make AI less dangerous, but to make babies more competitive. The next logical step after ChatGPT is CRISPR. Had my wife and I shown sufficient discipline, perhaps we would have co-founded a scientifically managed kibbutz in Germany where every child was raised according to randomized controlled trials, optimized nutrition, polygenic risk scores, and Mozart played at precisely calibrated decibel levels. By now our grown up kids might be negotiating with superintelligent AI as respected colleagues instead of explaining to me how to remove the parental controls on Netflix so I can watch Breaking Bad.

Of course, that plan would have been doomed from conception. Nature can optimize only so much. I'm simply not the genetic raw material from which billionaire-funded superhumans are assembled. And nurture? I'm not even a half-wit (more of a bottom tier mid-wit.) The evidence speaks for itself: instead of creating real-life Super Baby Geniuses, I've spent a week using artificial intelligence to photocopy a 'zine about them. Evolution has made its recommendation.

*"Normal" in the statistical sense: approximately within one standard deviation of the population mean, not the impossible standard imagined by parenting books or High School counselors.

I, White Middle Class Boomer Fanboy

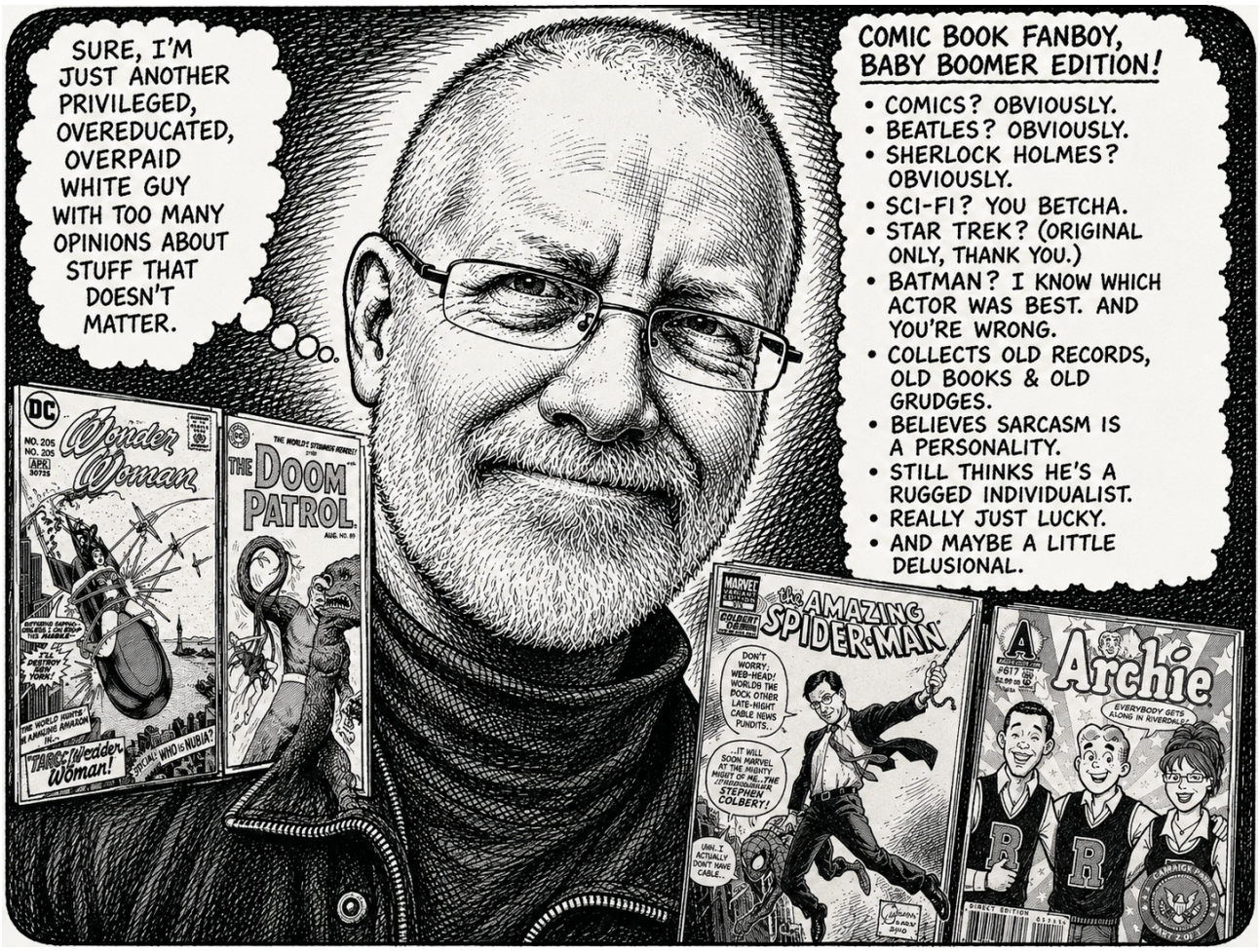
(with apologies to Leonard Read's "I, Pencil"

I am a privileged, unique individual... just like hundreds of thousands of others almost exactly like me. We flatter ourselves that we are self-made men, rugged individualists, or, on reflective days, lucky beneficiaries of good parents and The American Way. But at least we're not freeloaders like those other people we've been warned about on Fox News and AM radio.

Simple? Hardly.

Millions of strangers collaborated in my production over many decades, most of whom never received a creator credit.

To begin with, I required several thousand years of Indigenous peoples managing forests, rivers, fisheries, and grasslands before my ancestors could arrive to discover the "undeveloped" continent, which was then acquired through broken treaties, smallpox, and the U.S. Cavalry. My comfortable childhood suburb, complete with sidewalks and Little League fields, benefited enormously from the arrangement.


SURE, I'M JUST ANOTHER PRIVILEGED, OVEREDUCATED, OVERPAID WHITE GUY WITH TOO MANY OPINIONS ABOUT STUFF THAT DOESN'T MATTER.
COMIC BOOK FANBOY, BABY BOOMER EDITION!
• COMICS? OBVIOUSLY.
• BEATLES? OBVIOUSLY.
• SHERLOCK HOLMES? OBVIOUSLY.
• SCI-FI? YOU BETCHA.
• STAR TREK? (ORIGINAL ONLY, THANK YOU.)
• BATMAN? I KNOW WHICH ACTOR WAS BEST. AND YOU'RE WRONG.
• COLLECTS OLD RECORDS, OLD BOOKS & OLD GRUDGES.
• BELIEVES SARCASM IS A PERSONALITY.
• STILL THINKS HE'S A RUGGED INDIVIDUALIST.
• REALLY JUST LUCKY.
• AND MAYBE A LITTLE DELUSIONAL.
Wonder Woman
THE DOOM PATROL
THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN
Archie

Next came generations of laborers: enslaved Africans, child laborers, sweatshop workers, coal miners, steelworkers, migrant farmworkers, and underpaid bookstore clerks who politely pretended not to notice I'd already read five comic books standing in the aisle. My comics, action figures, and superhero TV shows arrived through global supply chains stretching from petroleum wells to paper mills to container ships, all powered by cheap fossil fuels whose invoice was, quite considerately, mailed to future generations instead.

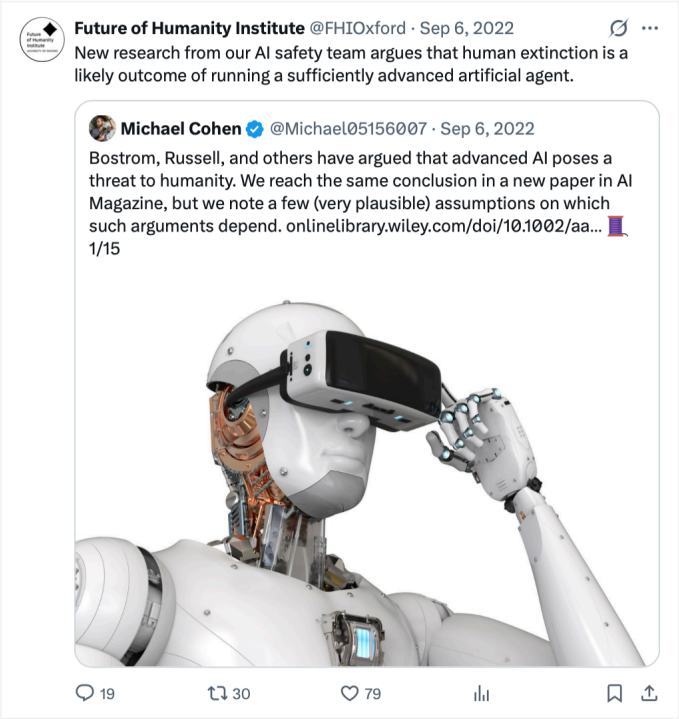
Then there was the remarkable contribution of taxpayers. They financed my public schools, public library, affordable university tuition, interstate highways, NASA, the internet, vaccine research, sewer systems, and the municipal swimming pool where I learned to dog-paddle while imagining myself Aquaman—or, as Marvel insisted, the *Sub-Mariner*. It is fashionable today to denounce government, but I have spent much of my life enjoying its amenities with the oblivious confidence of a fixed pet cat.

Nor should we overlook modern agriculture. My physique was assembled from government-supported mountains of corn, soybeans, refined sugar, industrial cheese, and enough French fries to qualify as a strategic oil reserve. Somewhere behind every convenient value meal stood factory farms, inhumane slaughterhouses, exhausted workers, rivers politely accepting nutrients they never requested, and an economist assuring everyone this represented peak efficiency.

My sheer luck is staggering. I was too young to be sent to Vietnam by a matter of a few fortunate years, a war fought instead by boys only slightly older than me, disproportionately poorer than me, disproportionately NOT me. I did not earn this. The calendar did it for me. College tuition still lived in the "expensive" column of the family budget rather than the "intergenerational debt obligation" column. Nobody told me at the time that I was standing on the last rung of a ladder already beginning to be pulled up behind me.

And what of my upkeep? The true invisible hand keeping me afloat is modern feminism. My brilliant wife serves as household breadwinner while I discharged my duties as part-time stay-at-home dad. To round out the lifestyle, I worked as a substitute teacher, a role that conveniently supplied lazy summer months in which to submerge myself in nerdy escapism while nominally supervising my own children.

Today I congratulate myself on being a reasonably decent fellow. I recycle. I occasionally remember my reusable grocery bags. I belong to the ACLU. I drive a Toyota Yaris. And yet every comfortable day of my existence still rests atop vast networks of labor, public investment, ecological inheritance, historical luck, and sacrifices made by people whose names I will never know. We are told the American Dream runs on meritocracy and hard work. Mine turns out to have had a very long list of co-authors and donors.


Future of Humanity Institute @FHIOxford · Sep 6, 2022
New research from our AI safety team argues that human extinction is a likely outcome of running a sufficiently advanced artificial agent.
Michael Cohen @Michael05156007 · Sep 6, 2022
Bostrom, Russell, and others have argued that advanced AI poses a threat to humanity. We reach the same conclusion in a new paper in AI Magazine, but we note a few (very plausible) assumptions on which such arguments depend. onlinelibrary.wiley.com/doi/10.1002/aa... 1/15
19
30
79

In 2005, Oxford University established the **Future of Humanity Institute**, dedicated to answering one of civilization's most pressing questions: "How do we prevent the extinction of the human race?"

Their researchers worried about asteroid impacts, pandemics, and superintelligent AI…admirably refusing to let mere climate change hog all the existential anxiety. The institute became intellectual headquarters for Effective Altruism and Longtermism, movements devoted to using reason and evidence to do the greatest good over the longest possible future. Unfortunately, one of their most enthusiastic benefactors turned out to be crypto wunderkind Sam Bankman-Fried, whose own long-term planning proved to extend only as far as the next accounting irregularity. By the time he was convicted of fraud, the movement had acquired the sort of publicity one generally hopes to avoid when trying to save civilization.

The Future of Humanity Institute itself no longer exists, which seems like exactly the sort of thing it should have seen coming.

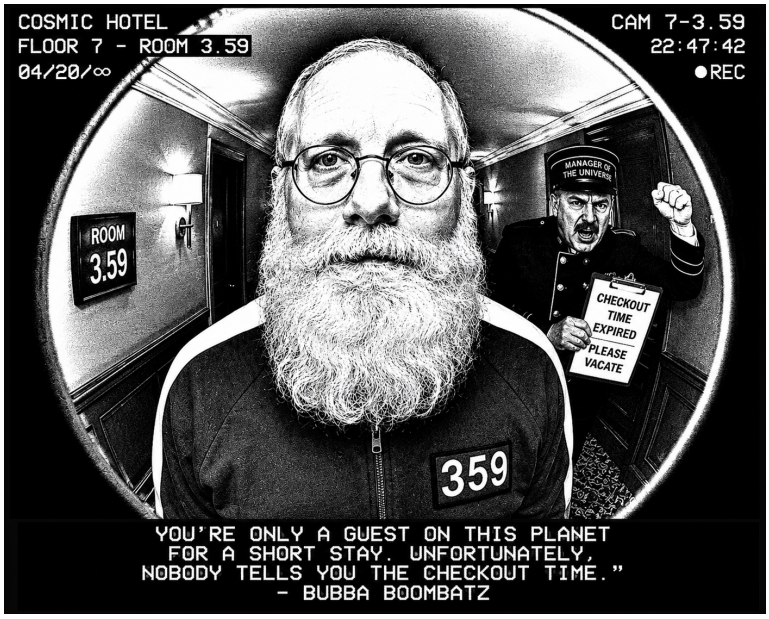
"Once the sin against God was the greatest sin; but God died, and these sinners died with him. To sin against the earth is now the most dreadful thing"

WARNING:

The following text below is a federally unapproved test of your sarcasm detection system. If you can't tell whether it's satire or an authentic Fox News Opinion screed, don't be embarrassed. Neither can satire anymore.

If alien spacecraft were to arrive on Earth tomorrow, humanity's first-contact protocol will fortunately be coordinated by history's most stable collection of strongmen. President Trump can begin by reciting, from memory, the standard cognitive test, slightly modified for extraterrestrials: “Person. Reptilian. Ray gun. Anal probe. TV.” Once President Trump's superior mental abilities have been satisfactorily demonstrated to the visitors, they can enjoy a welcoming committee at the President’s luxurious Mar-a-Lago resort, featuring RFK Jr., Vladimir Putin, Elon Musk, and Benjamin Netanyahu, reassuring them that our species has successfully concentrated 300,000 years of primate behavior into a handful of very important elderly men. Thank heavens the United Nations won't be involved. Nothing triggers an advanced civilization's "Do Not Contact—Exterminate Instead" protocol faster than the specter of woke consensus building and multicultural communistic utopianism!

I finally completed my 12-step program, and now I can't help but wonder what step I should take next.



A Deal with the Devil

After weeks of repeated unholy prayers, whispered basement appeals, and one very serious ceremony involving a black candle, a pentagram drawn in Sharpie, and a Mountain Dew Code Red, Shane finally got what he wanted.

Shane was thirteen. He was a heavy metal enthusiast. This lead to his having owned 3 AC/DC shirts (his mother had "accidentally" bleached 2 of them) and recently discovered the word "profane."

One dark and stormy night, Shane was listening to "The Number of the Beast" by Iron Maiden through his headphones at a volume that was…loud. Too loud. The kind of loud that has consequences later, in a doctor's office, with forms to fill out. The music was private, in the sense that only Shane could hear it…except, unfortunately, for the ancient demonic presence now inside his mind with its fingers in its ears.

"Greetings, Dark Lord!" Shane whispered. "I wish to bargain."

"First," said Satan, "turn down that noize."

Shane froze. This was not how he had imagined it. In his fantasies, Satan arrived impressed, possibly carrying a flaming iPad, and would say things like, "Your taste in music is most excellent! You rock!" Still, Shane turned down the volume.

A little.

Shane began carefully composing his request. He wanted total dominion over Earth, naturally. Then, after dying peacefully at ninety-nine [cause of death: the world's mightiest orgasm] he would receive a cushy overseer job in Hell. Something with a big desk. Maybe a cape.

"I can read your mind," Satan said.

"Oh," said Shane.

"The answer is no."

"Whu—"

"No," Satan repeated. "Absolutely not. This is not a metal fan-club perk. You don't buy 3 Iron Maiden shirts and receive one complimentary Armageddon."

Shane blinked.

“You’re already going to Hell,” Satan continued. “You failed to accept Jesus Christ as your personal Savior. You do not honor Jehovah God. You partake in the sins of the world. You practice gluttony. You worship mammon. You bully children who are different from you. You are small-minded, selfish, and yesterday you told a substitute teacher he was a dweeb.”

“But he was a dweeb.” Shane said weakly.

“It was cruel,” said Satan. “But…yeeees, it was also accurate. Nevertheless, why would I reward you?” Shane had not considered this. In his understanding, Hell was mainly a cool underground kingdom with skull furniture and guitar solos.

“I am here,” said Satan, “to warn you. Shut up and stop trying to constantly summon me, or I will visit upon you something far worse than acne. ”

“Uh,” said Shane. “Okay.”

And with that, the Devil vanished, returning to his throne room for some light recreation: sorting souls, reviewing Faustian contracts, and watching billionaires explain why empathy was bad for innovation. Shane sat in stunned silence. If the Devil was real, didn’t that also mean that Jesus and the righteously angry God were too?

He opened his laptop and searched: Christian heavy metal that rocks??
To his mixed horror and delight, some of it did.

Within 6 months, Shane had discovered a local megachurch with biweekly Christian "Upon This Rock" fellowships, a fog machine, and a youth pastor who wore leather bracelets with inspirational verses. When he turned 16, Shane began attending church every Sunday. He cut his hair. He started saying "faith journey" and "warrior for Christ" in normal conversations. This worried his parents less than the ACDC/ Iron Maiden phase, although in retrospect it probably should have worried them more. Soon Shane used his newfound holiness to become a prominent Christian MAGA influencer. His ministry was simple. He owned the libs, promoted QAnon memes, and spread the truth about the "plandemic," Bill Gates, and the tiny vaccine microchips that were somehow both invisible to scientists and obvious to patriots like Shane.

He became very good at explaining things on Youtube and Tik Tok that he had just learned incorrectly. Within a few years, Shane's hard work earned him a position as a DOGE Bro, helping to end globalist vaccination and condom distribution programs in Africa, eliminate research grants into woke science, and fire anyone whose job title contained words like "equity," 'climate,' "public health," or "doctoral degree."

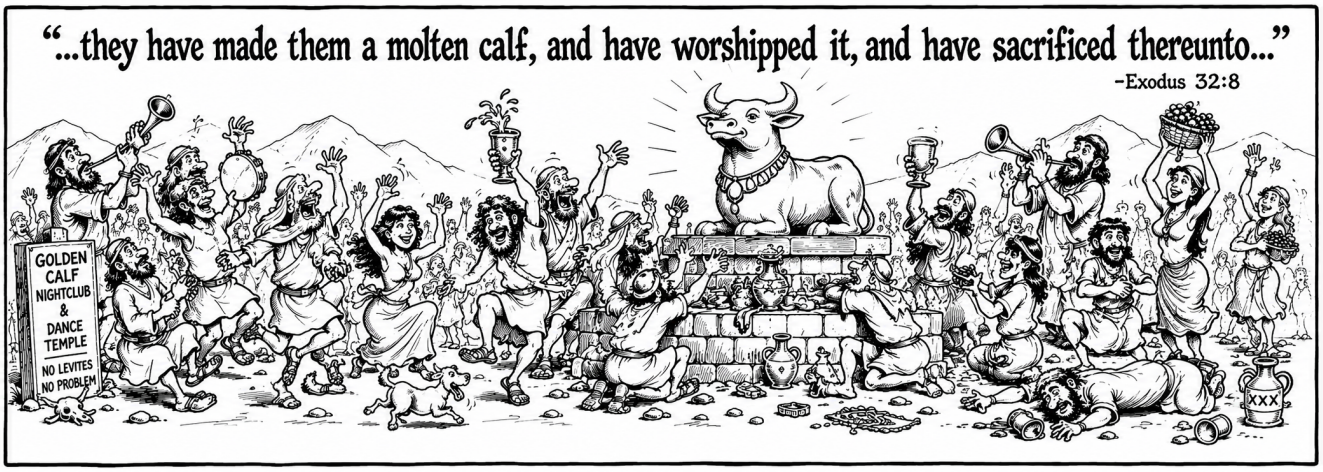
After DOGE completed its sacred mission of eliminating waste, fraud, corruption, and most jobs that required empathy, Shane proudly joined ICE to defend America from "the worst of the worst," a phrase he repeated often.

Meanwhile, deep below the earth, Satan sat on his throne, observing Shane's progress while sipping something terrible from a skull. He chuckled and shook his head.

"Kids," he said.

According to the **Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists**, the Doomsday Clock is now set at 85 seconds to midnight, which is the closest it has ever been. This is alarming, though also impressive, because at 85 seconds to midnight, we still technically have time to make things worse.

Those who do not remember the past are spared the embarrassment.


"...they have made them a molten calf, and have worshipped it, and have sacrificed thereunto..."
-Exodus 32:8
GOLDEN CALF NIGHTCLUB & DANCE TEMPLE
NO LEVITES NO PROBLEM
XXX

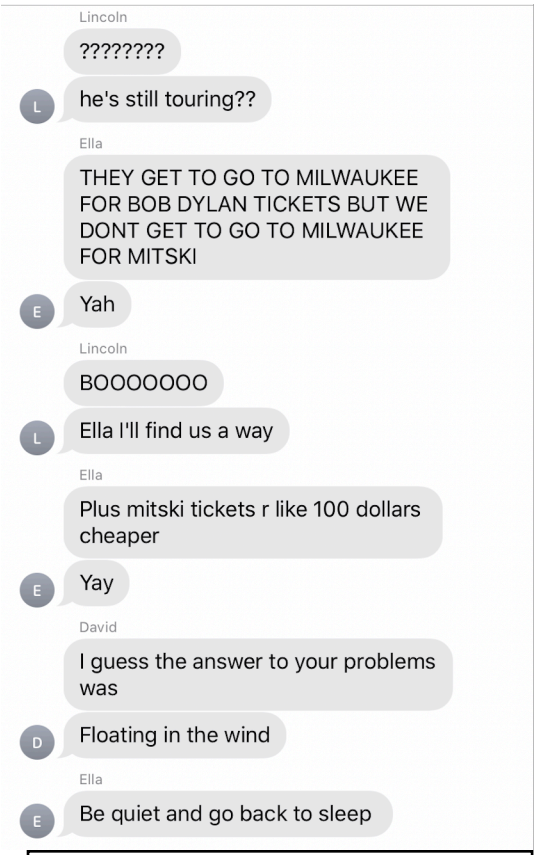
The Golden Calf gets an unfair rap.

That poor bovine was a one-off emergency idol, hastily assembled by anxious Israelites who had gone 40 days without adult supervision and decided the universe needed a livestock-themed management consultant. They melted down their bracelets and earrings, threw together a shiny mascot, danced until some patriarch pulled a hamstring, and earned several thousand years of bad press. Compared with today's billionaire oligarchs, the calf seems almost modest. It never launched itself into orbit, renamed anything after itself, or bought a social-media platform to announce that ~~White~~ Western civilization would collapse unless everyone subscribed to its premium account. It simply stood there while other people projected divinity onto it…a degree of humility unknown in the modern luxury-ego market.

The great 21st-century innovation is that the idol no longer has to be cast from gold; it can cast itself from metaphorical golden bull droppings. Ancient Hebrews needed jewelry and a furnace. Modern oligarchs require only a camera, a fortune larger than the GDP of a respectable nation, and the serene conviction that every passing impulse deserves a livestream. Even 80 year old Donald Trump continues with the tireless energy of a casino emperor who has mistaken merchandising for immortality: plastering his likeness on gold coins, MAGA-fantasy passports, and $TRUMP meme cryptocurrency. Meanwhile, assorted billionaire prophets assure us that Mars, DOGEcoin, the AI singularity, or their own magnificent brain will redeem humanity—coincidentally, immediately after the next funding round. Were Moses to descend from Sinai today, he would probably spend the afternoon explaining to reporters that "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me" also covers founders, influencers, CEOs, and anyone who refers to himself in the third person while awaiting canonization.

As a boomer, I feel entitled to say that you millennials need to start making better life choices that reflect the reality of the world we're living in. You need to work longer and harder!!!

I get it, TikTok and video games are addictive, *but you know what's more addictive?* Clean air and water! What kind of a world do you want ME to retire to?!?!



I must acknowledge the cybernetic hands that tweaked pretty much half of each of the longer articles and generated all the images (ChatGPT, Gemini) Without them, The Ex-Poseur would be stuck in pre-digital obscurity, which is just regular obscurity but with more typing errors.

-Editor: **(Bubba Harrison)**
jwharrison@universeodon.com

"Is now a bad time?"

THE EX-POSEUR

unofficial daily word puzzle, solved

T	R	U	M	P
C	R	I	M	E
G	R	I	F	T
T	O	W	E	R
G	R	O	P	E

■ right letter, right spot
▨ right letter, wrong spot
□ not in the word

Congratulations, you won...

a five-letter verdict in five guesses.

E. Jean Carroll needed two juries and five years to win $83.3 million for the same conclusion.

The Ex-Poseur — satire, not reporting.